

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

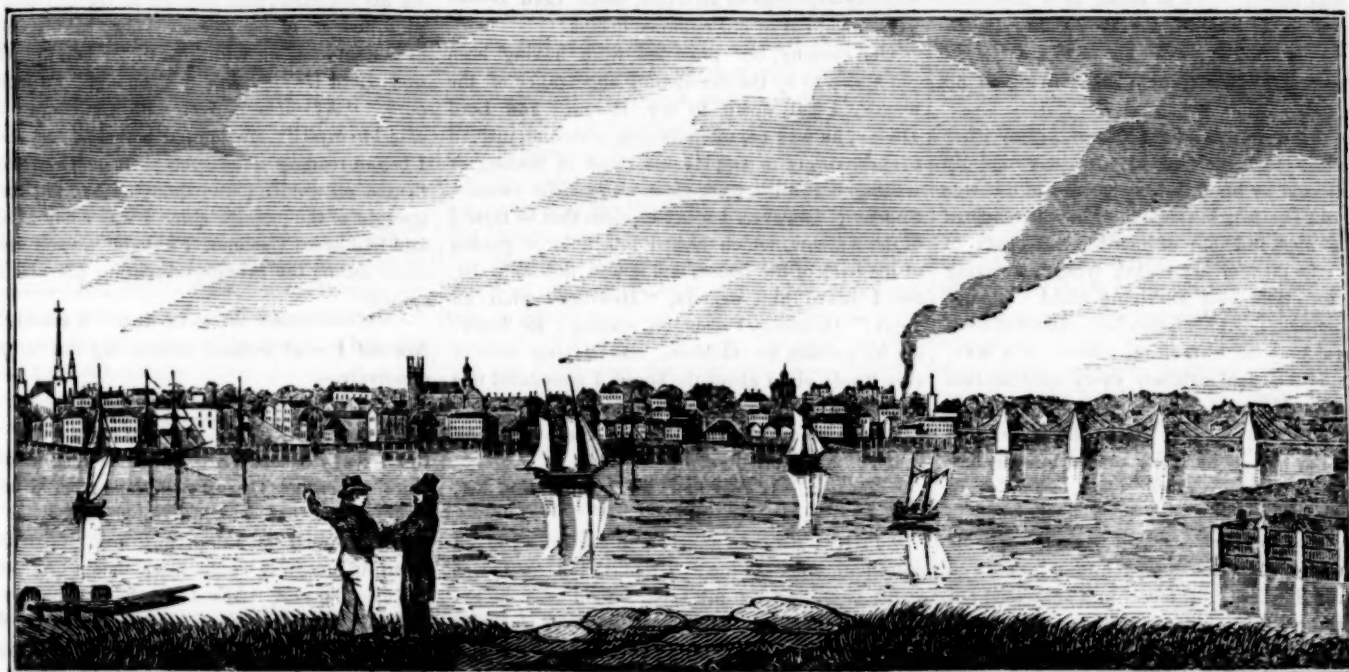
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VOLUME XXIV.

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NUMBER 1.

NORTHERN VIEW OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.



"The situation of this town is indeed uncommonly beautiful. The populous part stands upon a slope, gently declining to the river, so that a summer rain can at any time completely wash the streets. By whatever avenue it is approached, its appearance never fails to impress the mind of the visitor with pleasurable sensations. The compact settlement of the town of Newbury enclosing it upon two sides along the bank of the river, as you approach it upon the eastern road or from the sea, it presents the aspect of a considerable city, extending to the distance of nearly three miles.

"The dwelling-houses and other buildings are generally kept in good repair and condition, and present a neat and often elegant appearance. Some of the principal houses are extremely handsome; and there are few of any condition which do not possess a considerable garden spot, which gives a very open and airy aspect to the town, at the same time that it promotes that general health for which this place has always been highly distinguished. Indeed, a great deal of attention has been paid here, of late years, to ornamental as well as common gardening.

"The Newburyport bridge crosses the Merrimac from the north part of the town. It was built in 1827. Abutments with stone walls, filled in with sods, gravel, &c. project from either shore. That on the Newburyport side is 240, and that on the Salisbury side is 187 yards long. The bridge rests on these abutments and on four piers built of

stone from high-water mark, and is further supported by chains passing over the tops of pyramids erected on the piers and under the centers of the arches. The span of the center arch is 83 yards. The bridge is built in two distinct longitudinal parts, so that, in case of accident to one, the passage of the river will not be interrupted. Whole length, three sevenths of a mile. Cost, \$70,000. There has been a rapid and steady increase of travel over this bridge. The tolls taken in 1835 amounted to nearly double those of 1827."

"Jacob Perkins was born at Newburyport, July 9, 1766. After receiving a common school education, he became apprentice to a goldsmith, and soon displayed those extraordinary inventive powers in mechanics which have elevated him to distinction. At the age of twenty-one, he was employed, when other artists had failed, to make dies for the copper coinage of Massachusetts, under the old confederation. At twenty-four, he invented the nail machine, which cut and headed nails at one operation. His mechanical genius was now fully developed; and for twenty years and upwards, he continued to multiply useful inventions in the arts with a facility truly astonishing. His ingenuity in making a plate for bank notes incapable of being counterfeited, and in discovering the art of softening and hardening steel at pleasure, was particularly useful to the public. The latter discovery opened a wide field for the labors of the engraver, and led to many happy results.

TALES.

The Mysterious Stranger.

A TALE OF PASSION, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

It is a well-known saying, that the *true* does not always bear the semblance of truth. It is also certain that the incidents of real life are sometimes more incredible than any thing we read of in fictitious history; and most of us can remember, probably, some well-authenticated fact which happened in our memory, that has called forth the sneer of incredulity when it has at a distant period been communicated to others.

"Of the incidents which I am now going to relate," says the writer of the following narrative, "I was myself an eye-witness, and I was present when the heroine of my tale related such parts of her history, as had taken place before I knew her. Still, I am well aware that, though my veracity would not, nay could not, be doubted by those to whom I am known, I might be deemed by strangers not entitled to unqualified belief, because the story which I am going to tell, though certainly *le vrai*, is not the *vraisemblable*."

I was the schoolfellow and favorite companion of the Honorable Frederick H—, afterwards Lord D—. True, I was some years his senior; but circumstances had so much endeared us to

each other, that we mutually forgot the difference in our ages; and when I left school to study physic at Edinburgh, the separation was painfully felt by us both. I had saved the grateful child from drowning, and he never forgot the obligation; while I, on my side, became attached to him from the consciousness of the benefit which I had conferred; nor did absence or distance obliterate either from the mind of the other. We kept up a constant correspondence; and when I went to finish my studies at college, in order to take my degree at the university, it was a great joy to us both to meet again, and I was at least half a year at Trinity after Mr. H— was a resident there. At the end of that time I went to reside in a provincial town, in order to practise my profession; H— having vainly tried to prevail on me to quit physic for the church, promising me a great living in his father's gift.

I had been settled about fifteen years, when H—, who had married at an early age an heiress chosen by his father, succeeded to the title of Viscount D—; but soon after he was rendered one of the most unhappy of men by the death of his wife, who died of her eighth lying-in, leaving him one son, their only surviving child. Beauty was his passion; but his father had consulted more his interest than his taste in the choice of a wife, and Mrs. H— had certainly every qualification but beauty. However, her virtues and her talents had at length so won upon the excellent heart of her husband, that he had long ceased to remember that her personal charms were few, when death dissolved a union which had been a blessing to both, and my disconsolate friend wrote to beg me hasten to him in my double capacity of friend and physician. I did so, and found him oppressed not only by the grief which was already overwhelming him, but the fear of that which might too surely be impending; for he thought his son was in great danger of following his beloved mother. I was only too much of the same opinion, and urged an immediate removal to a warmer climate; to be brief, I was prevailed upon, that I might devote myself entirely to my friend and his child, to abandon my profession, and take orders. Accordingly, I returned to college, and in due time I was qualified to accept a very excellent living in Lord D—'s gift, which was on his estate; but it was given to a gentleman to hold for me until I should return from abroad. I also took upon myself the office of tutor to Lord D—'s son; but just as every thing was settled for our setting off for the continent, to winter in some milder climate than our own, the object of our joint anxiety was carried off in a few days by an inflammation on the lungs; and for many months Lord D— gave way to his feelings of agonizing regret, in a manner that alarmed me for his mind. But at the end of that time he became more composed, and proposed to me that we should resume our plan of leaving England, and travel, without fixing any period for our return. In the interval between his quitting college and his marriage, Lord D— had visited the continent, and had imbibed such a taste for foreign manners, and the foreign style of levity, that he would fain have persuaded his lady to reside with him abroad for a few years; but she could never be prevailed upon to consent; and he loved her too well to urge what he saw was displeasing to her. Now, however, there was no

obstacle to his putting his design in execution—and curiosity made me as eager to go, as preference made him. But as Lord D—, who had seen France, was unacquainted with Spain and Portugal, he resolved to embark at Falmouth for Lisbon, and enter France by the Pyrenees. To Falmouth therefore we repaired; but the wind being against our embarkation, we were reluctantly obliged to prepare for an abode of, perhaps, many days at an inn. The delay, however, was of little consequence to me, as I was deeply engaged in reading Horace, of whom I was meditating a translation; therefore, to me all places were nearly alike; but that restlessness, ever the attendant on recently-experienced affliction, made Lord D— very impatient of our enforced delays.

One evening, our projected walk having been put a stop to by the threatening appearance of the clouds, I sat down to my Horace; and Lord D—, as was too often the case with him, instead of endeavoring to employ his mind in reading or writing, began his walk up and down the room.— Suddenly, however, I was conscious that he turned to the window, which looked into a large garden at the back of the house, and it was not long before I heard him explain, "Heavens! what an angel!" However, I went on reading; for knowing his passion for children, and having seen a very lovely child about the house, I concluded this sweet girl was now playing in the garden.

"How beautiful! Do, Moreton, come and look at her!" again cried Lord D—.

"Not now, my dear lord, for I have seen her, and she is very pretty indeed."

"Pretty! she is an angel! and I wonder you did not mention her to me!" I replied not for I was again engrossed by my book. Soon after he exclaimed, "She will be wet. I am sure she will, and here is a storm coming and she is at the end of the garden. What can I do?"

"Do!" said I. "Can't you go as you have your great-coat on, and take her up under your arm, and wrap her up in it, and bring her in?"

"Sdeath! Moreton, are you mad?" cried Lord D—, indignantly; and, immediately rising, I ran to the window, where I must own that I saw, with more pain than pleasure, not a pretty child, but the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever beheld! She was dressed in mourning, nearly resembling that of a widow! but her glossy, waving, auburn hair, parted a la *Madonna*, relieved the exquisite whiteness of her forehead, preventing the usual unbecomingness of a widow's costume. Her cheek was pale; but her complexion was so transparent that the least emotion or movement, crimsoned every part of it. Her eyes were hazel, large, and almost fierce in their expression—her features, faultless in their formation—and her person, tall and well proportioned, though thin to a fault, was in every respect worthy of her face, and gave to her whole appearance a dignity and a beauty which I never saw before, nor have ever seen since in woman. To be sure I did not, on my first survey, see all I have above described; but I had no sooner beheld her than, aware of Lord D—'s admiration of beauty, and that the heart is never so susceptible as after recent affliction, I felt an involuntary fear that this lovely incognita would captivate him; for with the conviction of her beauty, came over my mind, at the same time, a distaste to her expression of countenance; and an apprehension that she was

ill calculated to make up to my beloved patron the loss of his admirable wife.

While I was contemplating her as *fixedly*, though not as delightedly, as my friend had done, Lord D— left the room seized an umbrella, and running to meet the lady, who was leaning on the arm of a short, thick, odd-looking waiting maid, he reached her just as the shower fell, and had the satisfaction of conveying her safe from the rain to the house. I had gone to the hall door to wait for them, that I might have a nearer survey of her beauty, and I sat down my poor patron as a lost man, when I saw the graceful sweetness and lady-like self-possession with which she thanked him for his attention, and listened to the soft and winning accents of her voice. Then, taking the arm of her servant, she withdrew to her own apartment, and Lord D—, with a deep sigh, returned to ours. "Ay—it is all over with him, poor man!" said I to myself; and piqued, provoked and alarmed I began reading aloud such parts of Horace as reflected on women; and though I had not read, or thought of the passage since I was a boy at school and had acted Castalio, I caught myself several times during the evening repeating his celebrated speech—

"Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!"

Nor did I read without thundering out very impressively—

"—deceitful woman,
To the first tempter lowly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind!"

But I really believe Lord D— neither heard my Horace nor my Otway; for he sat in a sort of abstracted silence, which alarmed me for the danger of his heart more than any loud praise of the beautiful incognita would have done. At length, however, he said, "Moreton, who can that woman be? Her air and carriage bespeak her to be somebody of distinction; let us inquire concerning her of the waiter," and he was accordingly summoned. But all he knew of her was, that she had arrived there the day before us, on her way, like ourselves, to Lisbon, that she never stirred out, never saw any one, and received no letters; that they did not know her name; and that the Welch girl whom she had brought with her scarcely spoke English enough to be intelligible. He also added, that she seemed very unhappy, and frequently was heard to pass half the night in walking up and down her apartment.

"Very mysterious, and very odd!" observed I, when the man had withdrawn.

"Not at all," answered Lord D— with quickness—"She is evidently a widow, in delicate health and probably reduced circumstances, going to Lisbon for change of air; and having recently lost a beloved husband, she is naturally enough wretched in mind, and can't sleep. I have often walked half the night Moreton."

Now what my friend said was very just. Still I felt a great desire to contradict it; but I was ashamed, and remained silent, and soon after we parted for the night. The next morning when I rose, the first objects that met my eyes were the lady and her maid, and Lord D—, walking together in the garden; and as they were too much engrossed in conversation to see me, I busied myself in studying the countenance of this most lovely of women. I found my prejudice against her increase rather than diminish. My medical profession had given me some of that physiognomical,

or rather pathognomical knowledge which distinguishes medical men. Indications of insanity are certainly discoverable to them, when unseen by others, from their habit of acute observation; and though I saw no marks of derangement about this unknown beauty, I discovered, in the quick motion and perturbed expression of her eye, symptoms of alarm, suspicion and disquiet, which told me all was not at peace within, and that she had something to conceal. But I saw that her beauty had so completely dazzled Lord D——, that he was quite unconscious her countenance was not one to dwell upon with confidence and pleasure; and I hurried down stairs, from a silly feeling as if my presence would be a sort of protection to him from the dangers that assailed him.

"How do you do to-day, Moreton?" said Lord D—— with more vivacity than he had lately exhibited; and before I could even get in a "How do you do, my Lord?" he continued; "This, madame, is the kind and tried friend I was mentioning to you, who has promised never to forsake me, but share my fate whatever it may be."

"Happy you, sir, in possessing such a friend!" replied the lady with a faint smile. She might have called Lord D—— "Sir," even though she was apprised of his rank, still I felt an irresistible desire to let her know his rank, though of my real motives I am not certain.

I have often ridiculed in others the fondness for showing their intimacy with and knowledge of great people. Still, as I have almost always observed that those who are most ready to laugh at this weakness in others, infallibly fall into it themselves whenever they have an opportunity, I am by no means sure that one of my motives for calling my friend by his title as soon as I could, was not the wish of impressing her with an idea of my importance in having a lord for my friend. But whatever was the cause, it is certain that I very soon made an opportunity of saying, "My lord, will your lordship—" and as I did so, I have no doubt but that I looked at the incognita, with an expression which seemed to say, "There! do you hear that?—You are talking thus familiarly with a lord!" I am the more confirmed in this suspicion by the look which she gave me in return; for while

"That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
As any muse's tongue could speak,"

it seemed to say,—“Well, and what then? I have seen a lord before—ay, and think it no such marvellous fine thing to be the friend of one;” and I felt the blood rush into my face, as a sort of half smile as if in contempt played on her beautiful lip. This was the beginning of those dialogues of looks which this lady and myself from that hour to the last of our acquaintance very frequently held; and when I thus do justice to the powers of her expression, I flatter myself that my readers will believe I was not deficient in similar powers, though I might perhaps be called notwithstanding a very ugly fellow.

But to return to more important matters. These meetings in the garden took place daily; and though nothing could be more proper or more guarded, than the lady's behavior, I saw that she evinced every day more and more satisfaction whenever my Lord Delborough first accosted her; still her look seemed the result of a restless, unhappy, and undecided mind; and as I could not

help surveying her with very scrutinizing looks, I saw that she was often embarrassed by the steadiness of my observation. But the intercourse was at length not confined to the garden; Lord Delborough offered to lend her books; and the offer being accepted, he carried them himself to her room, and was rewarded by an invitation to walk in. But she kept her maid in the room then, and did the same in future when my friend visited her alone, though when he was accompanied by me, the servant was dismissed.

Thus did we pass six weeks, and they passed rapidly to my friend, but slowly to me, because I wished, what I persisted to think a dangerous intercourse, to be put a stop to by our voyage.—However, we had acquired some necessary information during that time; for we had learnt both the maiden and married name of our incognita.—One day Lord Delborough said playfully, but evidently with a view to give her an opportunity of naming herself, “I have always forgotten to present my friend properly to you, madame, and he has never done me the favor of presenting me.—But ‘better late than never.’ This, madam, is Mr. Moreton, formerly Dr. Moreton, a learned physician; but as doctor is not a good travelling title, in future he is only Mr. Moreton, at your service.”—“And give me leave, madam,” said I, “to present to you the viscount D—— of—— Hall, in Rutlandshire, and Portman-square in London.”

“But who is to present me to you, gentlemen?” replied the lady, blushing deeply, and forcing a smile, though an expression of great distress was visible in her countenance; then recovering herself as rapidly as she could, for she saw then even Lord D—— seemed to think a mutual disclosure of names necessary, she assumed an air of dignity and replied, “I was born a St. Clair and I married a Macdonald,” and as she spoke her national pride of birth flushed deeply o'er her face, and, sprung as she was from, “the lordly line of high St. Clair,” I saw clearly why, at the sound of my friend's rank, she had turned on me a look of such calm and scornful disregard. “Yes,” she continued, “my maiden name was Rosabel St. Clair;” and seeing that I regarded her with a scrutinizing look which she probably mistook for a look of suspicion, she fixed her eyes on me, and said, “those who knew any thing of the pedigree of my family, must know that Rosabel is one of the family names of the St. Clairs; but I am the last of my branch of that noble family. I was always an only child, and I was soon an orphan; and when Colonel Macdonald made me his wife, I stood alone in creation, without near tie of any kind. But he,” she added, clasping her hands together in agony, “he made up to me for loss of every other tie.—He was my all, my pride, and for some years my blessing! ‘Till—I lost—” here, too much affected to proceed, she retired into her chamber, leaving my poor friend, who sympathized only too deeply in her affliction, as much affected as herself.

It was some time before she returned to us, but as soon as she did she addressed us thus: “It is so painful to me to recall what I have been, and to contrast it with what I am, that I shall disclose as much of my situation as it is right for you to know, to convince you that you have not bestowed your attentions on an unworthy object, and then

finally drop the subject. When the great misfortune of my life took place, I resolved to quit England for ever, and try by change of scene to divert my mind from images of past happiness which destroyed my peace. I had no paternal fortune; but when my calamities occurred, I found myself possessed of a clear five thousand pounds, and on that sum I knew I could live decently in a foreign country; and I also knew that my mind, accustomed to depend on itself, and capable of being acted upon by new scenes and interests, would gradually recover its tone when removed from its scene of suffering, and that life might once more become interesting to me. At present, however,” she continued in a tone of deep dejection, and absolute despondence, “time has done nothing for me yet, nor entire change of scene, because I am still in Britain; but I trust that when I am once settled on some part of the continent, I may become more calm, else death in any shape almost were welcome!”

Lord D——, excessively agitated, could only reply to this mournful address, by broken sentences of sorrow, pity, regret, interest, attachment, esteem, and so forth; but I did not think of making any answer at all, being wholly absorbed in wonder at that almost stern independence of character, as it appeared to me, which had led this young and unprotected woman to disregard the soothings and support of her friends, and to launch out on the world of another country, like a female adventurer seeking as it were her fortune. But *had she* friends? was the question. Had she *deserved* friends? Nor could I behold without a feeling of dismay, the total want of religious comfort or dependence which her language evinced. Not once had she adverted to the necessity of resignation to the divine will, and the comfort which the deepest sorrow derived from that resignation; but she appeared in every thing a self-poised being, wrestling with only mortal strength against the anguish which fate had inflicted, and proudly resolved to prove victorious in the combat. But my infatuated friend saw nothing in her character to counteract the effects of her beauty, and her evident wretchedness only made his benevolent heart yearn towards her more fondly, till the earnest wish to be her consoler and her husband, became triumphant over every other consideration; and I soon discovered that it was Mrs. Macdonald's mourning habit alone which delayed the offer of his hand and heart. How did I congratulate myself that I was not so vulnerable to the power of beauty, nor even to the more lasting attraction of intellect and manner! Else, I too might have loved this fascinating woman, and tasted the agonies of a hopeless attachment. But I was never for a moment in danger. The peculiar expression of her countenance had always rendered me suspicious, and the evident haughtiness of her disposition had from the first repelled me. Nor had her mind, though powerful, any charm for my taste or my judgment; for, though superior it was not sufficiently so to satisfy either, like the traveller who has ascended high enough up the side of a lofty mountain to be enveloped in clouds, but not high enough to see them roll away beneath him; so Mrs. Macdonald was sufficiently elevated in understanding above her sex to think she might despise those restraints, those rules of decorum, and those usages of society, which regulate the actions of inferior women, but

not wise enough to feel the necessity, the gracefulness, and the benevolent utility of submitting to such restraints. She felt, in her imagined power of self-government, that her innocence and purity, fortified by strength of intellect, did not need the protecting aid of the customary forms of society to guard them from attack. But she did not feel, that as such forms are necessary for the preservation of women exposed by their weakness to danger, it is the more incumbent on those who are raised in intellect above other women, to submit to the salutary restraints of decorum, lest they lead their less-gifted sisters into danger by the seductions of their example. In short, her talents were bright enough to shed an uncertain and lightning brilliancy in her path, calculated to mislead rather than direct; but their brilliancy was not strong enough to shine with steady, *noon-day* radiance, and light her with safety and certainty on her way.

It may be thought surprising, and even impossible, that I could discern so easily the defects in this lady's character, and see so evidently the marks in her of some mysterious sorrow, some probably guilty secret, while Lord D— remained perfectly unconscious of both. To this I reply, that Lord D— was a man wholly devoid of suspicion, and not gifted with much penetration. He was, on the contrary, even blind to the faults of those he loved; and, being wholly free from guile himself, was never apt to suspect it in others. He was

"So pure, so good, he scarce could guess at sin,
But thought the world without like that within."

Besides, he was in love, and love cast its own beautiful hue over all that he beheld. As the effect of a Claude Lorraine glass sheds one equal and beautifying tint over every landscape and every cloud, giving warmth to coldness, and clothing barren scenes in beauty; so love made every quality in this charming woman assume a charm and appear a virtue in the eyes of her lover; it gave the semblance of tender regret to the gloom of conscious duplicity, and dignified the impetuous inequality of her temper with the name of quick sensibility, and proper self-respect.

Whatever were my ideas relative to this *mysterious woman*, as she appeared to me, I soon found that they were confined to myself alone, and that Lord D—'s confidence in her was equal to his admiration. At the end of six weeks the wind changed, to the joy of us all. But, when we were on the point of being summoned on board, Mrs. Macdonald became so ill that she was forced to keep her room, and our voyage was consequently abandoned; for Lord D— declared he was bound by powerful ties not to leave this friendless stranger behind in a sick bed; and I was forced to acquiesce, through reluctantly, in the justice of the sentiment. But I soon found that honor itself forbade my friend to leave Falmouth under such circumstances, as he owed to me that he had recently made an offer of his hand to the interesting widow; and that the excessive agitation which his proposal had occasioned, had been followed so closely by her severe indisposition, that he was not only obliged, as a man of honor, to wait to receive her *answer* to his declarations, but his anxiety on account of her illness was increased by the fear of having caused it. At length she recovered, and we were again admitted to her pres-

ence; but it was some days before she was sufficiently well to admit Lord D— to address her again on the subject nearest his heart. At length, however, as he himself informed me, she told him with considerable emotion, that though she was afraid she should never be happy herself, she was willing to do all in her power, to administer to his happiness, conscious as she was, that, if she had any affections left, after all she had endured, those affections would be his, and would lead her to study his comfort in every thing. "My lord," added she, "I am so gratified, and my heart is so touched by the devoted, confiding attachment which you have shown me, that I swear to you, were you my inferior, and a beggar, I would have consented to be yours. So sweet is it to be loved, and so particularly soothing to the torn heart, which, having once been fondly beloved, has been doomed to mourn over the cessation of its blessings." When my friend related these assurances to me I did not entirely believe in them, though he did; but I have since been led to place implicit reliance on their truth, and to admit that what she thus expressed she most thoroughly felt.

The morning after this conversation, she sent for us both into her apartment, and with an expression of countenance in which my friend saw only the confusion of modesty and emotion, but in which I read the perturbation of a conscious and oppressed mind, she told us, that though she saw with pleasure that Lord D—'s confidence in her was such as to make him satisfied with what she had narrated to him of her story, still for the satisfaction of his friends, (and here she turned on me a most meaning glance,) she had resolved to put it in his power to gain more information relative to her. She therefore, pointing to the table, on which were materials for writing, begged Lord D— to write down what she dictated, and the result was the following letter enclosed to Messrs. M— & Co. Bankers, Lombard-street, London, and directed to Mrs. M—, the wife of one of the parties.

MADAM,—You would greatly oblige a person much interested in the inquiry, by informing me in a letter, addressed to A. B. Post-office, Falmouth, what you know or think of Mrs. Macdonald, the widow of Colonel Macdonald, who, when you last heard of her, was, you know, on the point of quitting England. Is her character equal to her appearance? and does she deserve the esteem which her *conduct*, and manners, seem so powerfully to challenge?

I am, Madame, your obedient humble serv't,
A. B.

"There is no necessity, none in the world, for an application of this nature," observed Lord D—, "and the testimony of this lady can only confirm all I already think."

"But Mr. Moreton looks," replied Mrs. Macdonald, "as if he approved of the application."

"I should do so," answered I gravely, "if it were made in a proper way; for why should not Lord D— write in his own name?"

"Because, if I am not what I seem, Mrs. M— would be more likely to write openly and ingenuously to A. B. than to Lord D—."

"O! certainly, certainly!" interrupted Lord D—, "nothing can be more honorable and delicate than your motives—and I will hear no objections made, but seal and send the letter directly."

I therefore, on hearing this, saw it would be

fruitless to say any more on the subject; though I felt assured, that a woman who really wished to establish her identity, and had the means of doing it in a satisfactory manner, would have set about the task in a very different manner; and instead of giving one reference, would have given many, and not have dictated an anonymous letter to any one. However, my opinion was of no importance, and the letter was sent, and *answered* by return of post. It was as follows:

SIR,—Your letter gave me pleasure, though from a writer unknown, because it afforded me an opportunity of speaking of Mrs. Macdonald in the terms which she *deserves*. Sir, her virtues and her talents are equal to her beauty, and though not happy, no one ever deserved happiness more; but she is only too much wedded to the memory of a very bad, unfaithful husband, whose sudden death ought to have been a source of rejoicing to *her*, as well as to her friends.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. M.

Lord D—'s delight on perusing this letter, could only be exceeded by Mrs. Macdonald's trepidation on its delivery; and when, having read it herself, she gave it with a look of triumph, to me, her face became of a hue resembling death itself. When I came to the part relative to the sudden death of Colonel Macdonald, I involuntarily exclaimed, *sudden death!* I did not understand the death was sudden." Sudden!" exclaimed Mrs. Macdonald, echoing my word—"Sudden O ay, so it was sudden;" and holding her hand to her head, she left the room.

Reader, though well convinced that a suspicious is an unamiable temper, I must honestly confess that, at this moment, a suspicion of a most horribly nature took possession of my mind, while my more generous patron remained as confiding as before, and saw, in the strong emotion of Mrs. Macdonald nothing but a very natural distress at hearing the sudden death of her husband alluded to. But then he was in love and I not; and a man who chooses a wife under the delusions of passion, appears to me to be no more a rational judge of the results of his actions, than a man who enlists for a soldier when in a state of intoxication. From this *unfortunate* moment I entertained a horror of my patron's approaching union, and I was forced to quit the room abruptly, when I learnt that as soon as the two years' mourning of Mrs. Macdonald had expired, she would become the wife of Lord D—.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

RANDOM GLEANINGS.

GREETING:—Reader, have you ever wandered in the woods and stopped to cull a flower here, to pluck a blossom there, or break off a green twig from the o'er hanging branches? Have you not sometime when a child, followed a stream up a dark ravine, wondering where it would end—yet ever and anon staying in your course to mark the beauty of a shell—the rounding of a pebble or the clearness of the flowing water? Have you not often stood still in your onward way to hearken to the far off sound of a waterfall, the song of a bird or

the drowsy humming of a summer bee and even in the busy city, mid the noise and toil of business have you not had your quick step arrested by the simple beauty of a child? At all events, you have at some day, no matter how hurried you may have been, stood still to gaze upon the bright face of some fair maiden, as she tripped by you with careless grace, and with these and such as these has Barry Gray to do. For 'tis the little things of life which make up *the life*. And Barry has gathered his gleanings not from amid the broad and beaten highways—but in the lanes and vallies, in the pleasant scenes of his home. He has gleaned a story from Mt. Merino, a legend from Roger's Island, and a glimpse of sun-shine from Columbia Springs, he has wrought a sketch from Claverack Falls, and has woven a fairy tale from among the old trees and green shrubs and flowers of the pleasant valley, near his home. He has gone out every sunny day and gleaned and gleaned and gleaned. He has stored all these gleanings away in his mind, and one day will he bring them forth and robe them in words and give being unto them. Then will he send them forth, these quiet gleanings of his, to make glad the hearts of young maidens, to call a smile unto their lips, and a light into their eyes—though peradventure some of these gleanings will bring forth the silent tear, and make a quiet sadness in the heart, a sadness,

"Which resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

Yet will these gleanings as they come forth, want some one to receive them, some one to care for them, who will take them as their own, who will look lightly on their faults and kindly screen them from the critics gaze. Some one in truth who will love them. Now are there very many maidens in our little city, yet who among them all Barry best can give them too, he knows not unless it be to Kate. On Kate then doth he bestow them, will you receive them Kate; these silent gleanings of Barry's; these thoughts clustering in his brain, which he would give unto thee? Yes Kate, accept them with his greeting.

September, 1847.

BARRY GRAY.

For the Rural Repository.

SLANDER.

OF all the vices the generality of men are addicted to, slander is the most detrimental to society, whether it be considered in its extent or its tendency. How many are there who for the mere vanity of being thought men of discernment and penetration, will pronounce at first sight the disposition of a stranger, set bounds to his genius, limit his understanding, and analyze his heart with an air of positiveness and gravity which wins the belief of the ignorant and inconsiderate.

The best inlets into the souls of men are their words and actions; to commend on other grounds is hazardous, to condemn is uncharitable; the former is folly, the latter is impiety. But of all slanderers these are the most harmless and deserve pity rather than remonstrance; their assertions are without proof, and their impositions forever lie at the mercy of common sense for detection.

A worse set of slanderers are those who are excited by envy; the greatest vigilance cannot evade, or the most unparalleled merits escape their insidious attacks; like a degenerate swarm of bees which have no stings they fly about the gardens of

art and science, and search the field of nature only to ravage and destroy the beauties they find, and are distinguished from the genuine bee by their collecting gall instead of honey.

Malicious slanderers are they who traduce their neighbor in secret, and to carry on the allusion they dwell in all countries and swarm at all seasons of the year. A person stung by one of these is not always sensible of it, the symptoms which succeed are apparent enough to create mistrust, but too evanescent to verify its reality. Ever ready to betray, they will dive to the bottom of an undisgusted heart, but not for pearls; and emulating the exhibitions of a familiar genius, they often rise as

"Smedly rose, in majesty of mud."

Claverack, 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

EVENING.

BY F. H. BUNNELL.

THE hours of evening are to my mind the most pleasant and interesting of the whole twenty-four. Is there not something peculiarly attractive about a beautiful evening? Morning it is true, has been honored by the poet. He says,

"Noon may have its sunny glare,
Eve its twilight and its dew,
Night its soft and cooling air—
But give me the morning blue."

"Morning blue" is pleasant, its air is invigorating and sweet, but to the laborer (of which it falls to my lot to be one,) the thought of the day's toil, must of necessity occupy the mind and leave but little time for those happy meditations to which a calm, moonlight evening is so admirably adapted. After the business of the day is over, with all care and anxiety banished from the mind, how doubly sweet is it to contemplate past happy events,

"As fond recollection presents them to view."

Have we an absent friend? is it not at this time that our mind loves to dwell on the hours that we have spent so agreeably with him? Are we among strangers, is it not at evening that we look back and again enjoy for a moment, "Homes, friends, pleasures so sweet!"

To the admirer of nature,

"Surely this is the season of others the best."

How gladly does he avail himself of this opportunity to survey the beauties of nature as they are presented to his view in the numerous stars, that glitter and sparkle like so many diamonds, set in the broad expanse of the unbounded universe.

To the lover of nature such scenes of beauty and grandeur, form an essential part of enjoyment, without which he would be forced to content himself with the prosy appearance of the sun's ceaseless round. The two seasons, night and day, may be properly termed the poetry and prose of nature.

As the fanciful and heart thrilling imagery of poetry is more lively and enchanting than the plain sober narration of common events, so is evening more lovely and beautiful than the bright glare of a sunny day.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1847.

A LADY, playing on the piano-forte, upon being called upon for a dead march, asked Mr. H. a celebrated professor of music, what dead march she should play; to which he replied, "Any march that you may play will be a *dead one*, for you are sure to *murder it*."

BIOGRAPHY.



THOMAS WOLSEY.

THOMAS WOLSEY, cardinal, an eminent prelate and statesman, the son of a butcher, was born, in 1471, at Ipswich. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. His first preferment of importance was that of a chaplain to Henry VII. who gave him the deanery of Lincoln, as a reward for his expeditious execution of some diplomatic business. Being introduced to Henry VIII. by Fox, bishop of Winchester, he made a rapid progress in the Royal favor, till at length he reached the highest pitch of power to which a subject can aspire. Between 1510 and 1515, besides several other valuable but less important offices and honors, he obtained the bishoprics of Tournay, and Lincoln, the archbishopric of York, the chancellorship, the legantine authority, and the dignity of cardinal. He lived in princely state; and his train consisted of eight hundred persons, of whom many were knights and gentlemen. Charles V. and Francis I. were suitors for his influence with his master, and bought it by pensions and professions of respect. His great ambition was, to fill the papal chair, but in this he was disappointed. At length his capricious sovereign became his enemy. The conduct of Wolsey relative to the divorce from Catherine of Arragon was the first cause of offence. In 1529 he was deprived of the seals, a part of his property was seized, and he was impeached. A full pardon, however, was granted to him, and in 1530 he retired to Cawood Castle. There, in the autumn of that year he was again arrested, on a charge of high treason, and he died at Leicester, on his way to London, on the 28th of November. With all his faults, Wolsey was a munificent patron of learning. He founded a collegiate school at Ipswich, and the college of Christ Church, and several lectureships, at Oxford.

MISCELLANY.

NOBLE REVENGE.

Two French noblemen, the Marquess de Valaze, and the Count de Merci, were educated under the same masters, and reputed amongst all who knew them, to be patterns of friendship, honor, courage, and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment; when, one unfortunate evening, the two friends having indulged freely in some fine Burgundy, repaired to a public coffee-house, and there engaged in a game of backgammon. Fortune declared herself in favor of the marquess and the count was in despair of success; in vain did he depend on the fickleness of the goddess, and that he should win her over to his side; for once she was constant. The Marquess laughed with exul-

tation at his unusual good-luck. The count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the marquess for enjoying the pain which he saw excited in the bosom of his friend. At last, upon a fortunate throw of the marquess, which gammoned his antagonist, the infuriated count threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.

The whole company in the room were in amazement, and every gentlemen present waited with impatience for the moment in which the marquess would sheath his sword in the bosom of the now repentant count.

"Gentlemen," cried the marquess, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and I acknowledge the laws of honor, and will obey them. Every man who sees me, wonders why I am tardy in putting to death the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own. Our days, our education, our temperaments, and our friendships, are coeval. But Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France; I will stab him to the heart." So saying he threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said, "My dear De Mercei, I forgive you, if you will deign to forgive me for the irritations I have given to a sensible mind, by the levity of my own. And, now gentlemen," added the marquess, "though I have interpreted the laws of honor my own way, if there remains one Frenchman in this room, who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, let him accompany me; my sword is by my side, to resent an affront, but not to murder a friend for whom I would die, and who sits there a monument of contrition and bravery, ready with me to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat, if any man dare to think amiss even of this transaction."

The noble conduct of these true friends was applauded by the company present who felt that "to err, was human; to forgive, divine." The pardon of the count was sealed by the embraces of the marquess; and the king so far applauded both the disputants, that he gave them the *cordon bleu*.

DUPLICITY PUNISHED.

A PARTY of gentlemen had assembled at a country mansion, to pass the evening at cards; but the stakes, according to the custom of the host being limited, the game became rather flat, when one of the company, a Mr. L. said laughingly, "Come gentlemen this is confoundingly dull work. Suppose we set our wits to contrive something livelier?" The proposition met with general assent, and various novel subjects for wagering were suggested. The original proposer at last exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have hit it; you all know the chequered floor of Squire Rigby's Great hall; let each throw ten guineas into a hat, and he who guesses nearest the exact number of pieces in the floor, shall take all." The idea pleased, and the stakes were immediately deposited. While the company were proceeding with their guessing, a valet, who had overheard the wager, entered, and presented his master, Mr. W. with a letter, which he said had just been left for him. The letter contained these few words:

"Master—I saw Mr. L. counting the chequers at Squire Rigby's. The exact number is three hundred and seventy-nine.

Mr. W. said nothing, but put the letter in his pocket, and waited till his turn for guessing came round. Mr. L. the honest proposer of the wager, apprehensive that if he fixed upon the exact number, it might lead to suspicion, thought it would look better, and be quite as secure, too choose that next to it; he accordingly called out three hundred and seventy-eight. Mr. W. who followed, relying on the secret, pronounced the actual number, three hundred and seventy-nine. The astonishment and chagrin of Mr. L. may easily be conceived; it was not without some difficulty he managed to conceal it from the observation of the company. A messenger was dispatched to Rigby Hall, which was at no great distance, to ascertain how the fact stood; and on his return three hundred and seventy-nine was declared to be the winning number. Mr. W. of course pocketed the handful of guineas. Next morning, however, he sent to each gentleman of the party his ten guineas, enclosed in a note, explaining the whole matter, and to Mr. L. an intimation in these terms:

"Mr. W. the winner of the wager made last night about Rigby Hall, has returned to each of the gentlemen who were parties to it, the amount of his stake. Mr. L's ten guineas he has given to be distributed among the poor of the parish. If Mr. L. desires an explanation of this proceeding, he shall have it."

It is scarcely necessary to say, that no explanation was required or demanded. Conscious of his guilt, Mr. L. submitted in silence to the disgrace which it entailed.

A WORD TO BOYS.

TRUTH is one of the rarest of gems. Many a youth has been lost to society, by suffering it to tarnish, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace it or dim its lustre.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the greatest respect. An oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogues of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.

In our opinion the theatre is no place for the young. The effect of the stage is demoralizing. What virtuous parent does not tremble, when he hears that his son steals away from the family circle to enter the theatre? He fears the result.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the respect and the love of all. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks or apprentices, have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatre-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and have the prospect of a useful life before you.—*Portland Tribune*.

RAILLERY.

RAILLERY has been compared to a light which dazzles, but does not burn: this, however, depends on the skill with which it is managed; for many a man, without extracting its brilliance, may burn his fingers in playing with this dangerous pyrotechnic. Pleasant enough to make game of your

friends, by shooting your wit at them, but if your merry bantering degenerates into coarse and offensive personality, nobody will pity you, should you chance to be knocked down by the recoil of your own weapon. He who gives pain, however little, must not complain should it be retorted with a disproportionate severity; for retaliation always adds interest in paying off old scores, and sometimes a very usurious one. Wags should recollect, that the amusement of fencing with one's friends is very different from the anatomical process of cutting them up.

A coxcomb not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired,—“Well, my good Sir! I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache?” “When you have an affection of the heart, or a brain fever,” was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who, being banteringly asked,—“Paddy, my jewel! why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!” replied—“And yours are too small for an ass.”

A well-known scapegrace, wishing to rally a friend who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, whether the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end.—“No; but the rope does of your's,” was the caustic reply.

AGAINST ENVY.

WE may cure envy in ourselves, either by considering how useless or how ill these things were, for which we envy our neighbors; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated, by contradictory vices, as to condemn this day him who we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he must flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbor and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valor may defend my estate or

country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavor also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.—*Mac-kenzie.*

"RICH SPENCER."

Among the citizens of London, it has not perhaps in any period of its history produced one who possessed more public spirit, wealth, and patriotism, than Sir John Spencer, who was lord mayor in 1594. This princely citizen, who resided in Crosby Square, Bishopsgate, in a house which had formerly been the residence of Richard the Third, when Duke of Gloucester, is said to have died possessed of £800,000, acquired in the pursuits of commerce.

In a curious pamphlet printed in 1651, and entitled "The Vanity of the lives and Passions of Men," there is the following singular anecdote respecting "Rich Spencer," for so Sir John was usually called. "In Queen Elizabeth's days, a private of Dunkirk laid a plot with twelve of his mates, to carry away Sir John Spencer; which if he had done, fifty thousand pounds had not redeemed him. He came over the seas in a shallop, with twelve musketeers, and in the night came into Barking Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in niches, near the path in which Sir John came to his house, (Canonbury House;) but by the providence of God, Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night, otherwise they had taken him away; and they, fearing they should be discovered, in the night time came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkirk again."

Sir John Spencer left an only daughter, who was carried off from Canonbury House in a baker's basket, by William Lord Compton, who married her. From this union, the Earls of Northampton are lineally descended.

AN OLD FOX.

A PERSON who had for many years owned a fox, set much value upon him on account of his docility. One day he made his escape, and his owner pursued him, but could not get sight of him. At length he met a stammering fellow, and accosted him with much haste and earnestness:

"Have you seen my fox?"

"Did, he h-ha-have a l-l-long b-b-bushy tail?"

"Yes; which way did he go, tell me?"

"We-we well; d-d-did he have a great l-l-long p-p-pe-pek-ed nose?"

"Yes, yes, blast your picture! tell me where he went!"

"N-n-now I v-v-vow you, I guess I-I-ha-n't seen him!"

GOOD EXAMPLE.—Parents must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all significations of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children; that they may look upon their parents as their friends and patrons, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide.—*Bishop Taylor, Holy Living.*

An officer on the eve of battle, seeing one of his soldiers on his knees praying, asked him if he was afraid. "Oh! no," answered the soldier. "I was only praying that the enemy's shot might be distributed like prize money—chiefly among the officers!"

"GENIUS will always work its way through," as the poet said when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume.*

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this number, we commence the 24th Volume of the Repository; and, while thankful to our subscribers for their past favors, we solicit a continuation of their patronage. It is true, that at present there are many candidates for the support and patronage of the reading public, but we are assured they will make a distinction between our paper, which has stood the "brunt of the battle" for twenty-three years, being the Oldest Literary Periodical in the United States, and those ephemeral publications which flash on their vision and as quick disappear.

In the present volume we commence one of those thrilling tales of real life, which enforce on the mind of the readers the conclusion that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." It is from the works of a talented authoress, who has gained her high reputation from the truthfulness and skill with which she delineates the domestic scenes and events of every day life.

We intend to present our readers with the choicest specimens of the literature of the day and also original tales and essays, so as to continue our paper in that position which it has so far exclusively held—a choice literary paper at a low price, combining the objects of moral instruction, and the amusement of the family circle. We intend, it shall be supplied with a good digest of the current literature of the day without any of its impurities which render it in the present day so objectionable to the young, moral tales, Original articles and traveling sketches from our correspondents, while it will not be filled with advertisements and quack notices as are many of the so-called literary papers of the day.

It is now many years since we first commenced the "Rural" and we give our earnest thanks, for the support of those steadfast friends with whom we have held converse, through its silent but ever-speaking pages.

OUR PREMIUMS.

In the last year we held forth the following great inducements to subscribers for the 23d volume. Any town that would send us the most subscribers, according to the number of its inhabitants, should be entitled to the 24th volume.

We now redeem that pledge and proceed to award the premium according to the population as given in the latest official census.

The two candidates are Fulton, in Oswego Co. N. Y. and Shelburne, in Vermont. Fulton with 1400 inhabitants, has 93 subscribers, being in the proportion of one Repository to about 15 persons. Shelburne with 1098 inhabitants, has 68 subscribers, being in the proportion of one Repository, to about 16 persons.

It being evident that Fulton takes the premium, each subscriber for the last year's paper in that town, will receive the present year's paper, gratuitously. For the premiums for the ensuing year, we refer our readers to the last page of the Repository.

TO POSTMASTERS AND AGENTS.

In consequence of the new Postage law we are unable to enclose a large prospectus of our paper in the first number, but its contents will be found on the last page of the paper.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

D. D. Southville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; H. S. M. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. Cincinnati, O. \$3.00; O. D. New-York City, N. Y. \$1.00; J. McC. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; Rev. L. C. M. Boonville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. M. Preston, Ct. \$1.00; R. H. B. Attlebury, N. Y. \$4.00; E. G. & L. J. H. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. P. New-York City, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. K. Salem, N. C. \$3.00; E. E. Jr. New-York City, \$1.00; S. H. S. Hartsvillage, N. Y. \$1.00; A. A. Manchester, N. Y. \$3.00; Miss J. G. South Middletown, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. H. Collins Centre, N. Y. \$5.00; A. T. C. Geneva College, N. Y. \$3.00; H. B. Smithville Platts, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. S. Brownville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. Hoffman's Gate, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. P. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$6.00; J. A. W. Whitlockville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Middleville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. H. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. M. Sodus, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. C. Ludlowville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. G. Chaumont, N. Y. \$2.00; C. F. A. Bethlem, Ct. \$3.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. Charles E. Butler, to Miss Harriet Bessac, all of this city.

With the above marriage we received—what dear reader—So frail, it seemed some fairy hand
Of gossamer had wrought it,
His lid was down—"twas filled with—but we forbear, and as the Governors say return our thanks for its contents.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. John Eastman, to Miss Margaret Lamot, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. George Jacobie, to Miss Mary Miller, both of Claverack, N. Y.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. James E. Mallory, to Miss Catharine K. Hitchcock, both of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Chauncey Stow, of Stottsville, Columbia Co. to Miss Catharine M. White of the same place.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Benjamin Ganson, to Miss Cornelia Garner, all of Stockport.

At Greenport, on the 9th inst. by John T. Hogeboom, County Judge, Mr. Walter F. Collins, of the town of Ghent, to Miss Candice Krum, of the former place.

In Taghkanic, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, of Mellenville, Mr. Norman Bain, to Miss Mary Ann Prosews, both of the former place.

In Mellenville, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Jeremiah Bortle, Jr. to Miss Sarah Stufflebeen, all of the above place.

On the 28th ult. by Wm. H. Hauver, Esq. Mr. James Coon, to Miss Eliza Hoffman, both of Taghkanic.

In Gallatin, by the Rev. Wm. N. Sayre, Mr. C. H. Hoysradt, of Pine Plains, to Miss Catharine Lasher of the former place.

At Windsor, Ct. by the Rev. Mr. Leet, John N. Power, to Miss Sarah N. Hayden.

In Germantown, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Josiah Kniskeren, to Miss Mary Rockefeller, both of Germantown.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Saturday, the 4th inst. Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander C. and Cornelia H. Mitchell, in the 15th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. James, son of John Boyd, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 11th inst. Charles Williams, son of Thomas and Angeline W. Newman, aged 8 mos. and 4 days.

On the 13th inst. Celia Fetherston, in her 17th year.

On the 13th inst. Henry Seely, in his 44th year.

On the 13th inst. Jason, son of Wm. E. and Eliza Rogers, aged 1 year 8 months, and 4 days.

On the 16th inst. Henry L. son of Casper Winton, aged 1 year, 3 months and 17 days.

On the 17th inst. William R. son of William R. and Chloe L. Steel, aged 1 year, 10 months and 24 days.

On the 18th inst. Margaret Welch, in her 40th year.

On the 19th inst. William Files, in his 25th year.

On the 4th inst. Lydia, Daughter of William Carpenter, aged 5 weeks.

On the 5th inst. William H. son of William H. and Christina Maize, aged 1 year and 2 months.

On the 7th inst. Henry P. son of Frederic A. and Mary A. Penbody, aged 1 year and 2 months.

In Claverack, on the 7th inst. Henry Waldon, son of Nancy Tobias, aged 15 years and 6 months.

In New Orleans, on the 25th ult. Henry Hubby, formerly of this County.

In Bloomingtown, Iowa, on the 27th ult. George W. Fitch, M. D. a native of this city, aged 49 years.

At Geneva, Illinois, on the 15th ult. Amelia B. daughter of Edwin and Cynthia Clark, aged 1 year and 15 days.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT ON THE EVENING OF BATTLE.

THE sun had gone down and the death-fray was ended,

As I gained the dark valley to seek for my son—
And found him at length on the heather extended,
But bathed in his blood, for his young day was done.
He, had gloriously fall'n in the thick of the firing,
And yet down his cheeks were the red drops retiring,
As he lift up his eyelids, and whispered expiring—
Oh mourn not for me for the battle is won!

Brave boy! I exclaim'd, as I hung o'er him weeping,
Thy valour survived with the last fleeting breath,
But what reeks thy mother, who watches thee sleeping,
Thy long dreamless sleep on the blood sprinkled heath?
What reeks thy left mother, while sorrowing o'er thee—
Though victory crown'd thee, for victory tore thee
From her whom it robb'd of thy father before thee,
And bore thee away to thee regions of death?

Thy sister I left at the cottage door sighing,
Yet hopeful though doubtful awaiting thy doom,
And how shall I comfort the little one crying,
For thee to come home with thy sword, knot and plume?
What boots it to me if your banner won glory,
For summer winds bearing afar the proud story
Shall sport with my locks with bereavement made hoary,
And wrecklessly sweep o'er thy new-sodded tomb?

Not long shall thy sleep 'neath that mantle be lonely,
The loved, the betrothed one, the floweret so fair—
That wept for thy danger, that bloom'd for thee only
Shall fall in thy death-bligh and follow thee there.
When sorrows like these o'er one cot are impending,
Oh what must it be when the war-shout is blending
With the groans of ten thousand brave bosoms, all rending?
What heart can imagine, what tongue can declare?

How long shall revenge for some wrong, and neglected
Manoeuvre of state, thus of honor make show,
Or a court ceremonial infringed, but respected,
Plunge a nation in guilt, and a people in woe?
Lord hasten the day of that blest consummation,
When nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
When war shall no more be the christian's vocation,
When the sword shall be broken, and shiver'd the bow!
Claverack, 1847. G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

HUDSON.

THOUGHTS of other days come o'er me, as I tread thy streets
once more,

After years of ceaseless wandering, on a distant western shore,
And the past as spectral visions, flits before keen memory's
sight,

Indistinct, yet strangely truthful, as the phantoms of the night.

Once again I view thy river, swelling onward as of yore,
Serpent-like between the uplands, giant guardians of thy shore,
Still the same in changeless beauty dashing past each well-
loved scene,

Bright as thread of sparkling silver, wove in field of deepest
green.

Still before me frowns the Catskills, still their giant crests
arise,
Cloud-enwrapped and azure, gleaming to the portals of the
skies;

As in childhood's hour I viewed them, now unto my sight are
given,

As the confines of creation, as the stepping stones to Heaven!

Then in every cave and fastness, deemed I that a giant dwelt,
And that hermits by each fountain, with wild adoration knelt,
That the thunders pealing loudly, echoing through each rocky
place,

Was their voice as loud in anger, spoke this unknown giant
race.

Now stern age another lesson, one of truth has taught the
mind,

Yet around my heart is clinging, legends of the olden kind,
And my fancy still would picture giant forms within each
cell,

Hoary hermits by each fountain, voices loud in thunders swell.

Still thy summit Mount Merino towers in its ancient pride,
But man's hand has mar'd thy beauty, strip'd the forest from
thy side.

Once fair trees with changeless foliage, monarch-like then
held their reign,
Checked now with emerald meadows and with fields of
golden grain.

How my boyish heart leaped upward as I on thy summit stood,
Gazing on the noble Hudson and the sea of waving wood.
Then no fairer scene earth pictured, and none can the wan-
derer find,

Fairer, purer than thy beauty's stamped upon my childish
mind.

Yet unchanged thy ancient dwellings, and the mossy festoons
swing

As of yore from eve and turrets, and thy stone paved streets
yet ring

'Neath the armed hoof and waggon, loud and deaf'ning as the
chime

Of an hundred anvils changing 'neath the hammer's measured
time.

Still, and honored be thee for it, sacred is thy burial ground,
Shrived amid the emerald foliage, freed from each unholy
sound,

Glittering in the light of evening, shines the marble white and
fair,

Emblems of the pure and noble, who sleep on in silence there.

Long entombed, but forgotten, for above the grave is seen
Flowers outbursting in their beauty, roseate hues 'mid foliage
green,

Honored be thou, for thus planting flowers fair above each
head,

Whose sweet perfume loads the zephyrs in thy city of the dead.

And far more than pen can number, as of yore thy beauties
gleam,

Scarcely changed since on I wandered, in fair childhood's
ideal dream,

Yet appears to me full often, faces that have passed away,
Forms familiar, loved and cherished, in the hours of life's
young day.

Loved these scenes, yet they must vanish, soon life's bark will
spread each sail,

And again on fate's wide ocean, brave each wild tempestuous
gale;

Fare-thee-well perchance forever, yet the wanderers blessings
dwell

On the loved and natal city, murmured in his sad farewell—
Hudson, 1847. W. H. B.

For the Rural Repository.

YOUNG MARY.

BY J. GILBERT WRIGHT.

"MARY ANTOIGNE, a beautiful and intelligent girl of sixteen,
had seen her father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters
consigned to the "lone kirk-yard" in one short month, all
victims to that desolating scourge the cholera, and her once
happy and joyous home upon the sunny banks of the mountain
born Mississippi, rendered friendless and dreary, while her
young and buoyant heart was stricken, seathed and blighted
by this sad and overwhelming calamity. She too was soon
called to join the "white-robed throng," having predicted her
own death, which she said had been revealed to her in a
dream, as she was one evening reclining by her chamber
window."—From an unpublished Ms. of the School Master
abroad.

Young Mary looked forth from the casement high,
While a trembling tear in her deep black eye
Mirrored her soul, and a soft liquid sigh,
She breathed on the wild winds careering by.

She gazed on the stars in their mild azure sheen,
And hushing a lay to night's virgin queen;
Fond thoughts filled her heart, and thro' mem'ries e'en,
She scanned her past life in each changing scene.

There bends her mother, by that "old arm chair,"
Around her are brothers and sisters fair,
While a fond, honored father, kneeling there,
Lifts to Heaven his voice in fervent prayer.

She sees that mother, in her winding sheet,
She parts with that father no more to meet,
And brothers' and sisters' voices so sweet,
Are hushed, ne'er again her young ear to greet.

Anon, a bright vision comes o'er her mind,
Sire, mother and brothers, and sisters kind,
Bare her away with the speed of the wind,
Till earth seems a speck in distance confined.

In a spicy grove by fragrant, gales fanned,
She beholds a beautiful angel band,
Strange music she hears on every hand,
And anthems of praise fill the "promised land."

Young Mary now trembles with joy and fear,
When in "robes of white," bright seraphs appear;
Glad faces surround her, and standing near,
Are parents and brothers and sisters dear.

"Welcome fair mortal! thrice welcome" they cry,
"A glorious welcome to worlds on high!
In one short year, thy freed spirit shall fly,
From its home in the earth, beyond the sky."

Young Mary awoke, the vision had fled,
While softly the night breeze played round her head,
And when a twelve month its brief course had sped,
Mary was sleeping with the tranquil dead.

Auburn, Miss. 1847.

New Volume, September, 1847.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847.

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